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WHO IS THE INFORMER?

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Irish Informers.

IRISH informers are just now as numerous as they are despicable, and there is a widespread feeling that Irish disturbers are never true to each other. An informer is looked upon in all countries as a scoundrel, besides whom his companions in crime are entitled to sympathy. Irishmen the world over would have us believe that they have been cruelly wronged by the British government, and they seek to create the impression that they are secretly banded together for the purpose of having their wrongs righted. It may possibly be true that such men as O'Donovan Rossa have mapped out attacks upon England in the cause of the Irishmen of Ireland and of New York, but sensible Irishmen should hesitate to give aid and sympathy to such as he while the Irish informer is rampant in all parts of the habitable globe. The worst scoundrel of the pack which murdered Cavendish and Burke in Phœnix Park is the one who stands as the informer, and he is but one of many of that class which now excites so much attention here and abroad.

A New Crusade.

THE police authorities, acting under the orders of his Honor, the Mayor, on Saturday evening last, prevented Mr. Salmi Morse from giving a full dress rehearsal of the "Passion" in his theater in 23d street. Mr. Morse was arrested by the stalwart captain of the 29th Precinct, and gave bail for a police court examination. Mr. Morse insisted that the rehearsal was a strictly private affair, no admission fee having been charged; and further that the theater was his private house. His attempts to secure a license from two Mayors of this city for the purpose of producing the "Passion" have already been commented upon by THE JUDGE.

Mr. Morse has appealed in vain to the courts, and the bitter opposition exhibited towards him by cranks of all degrees is having the effect of creating sympathy for him among fair-minded people.

THE JUDGE has said that he does not believe that Mr. Morse's play is obscene or blasphemous, and he still holds to that opinion. THE JUDGE is not solely aware that plays which must go far towards disturbing society are now being produced in this city, and that his Honor, the Mayor, has no intention of suppressing them. He is not solely aware that most objectionable and indescribable places of amusement (?) are now, with the full knowledge of the Mayor and police authorities, in full blast in this city, and that neither the Mayor nor police authorities have shown any desire to have them closed.

While so great an outcry has been made against Mr. Morse's play, why do we not hear a similar outcry against the obscene plays in fashionable theaters, the nightly orgies in notorious dives, and the parades and misdeeds of the Salvation Army?

Now that Mayor Edson has displayed himself as a highly moral chief magistrate, would it not be well for him to order an attack upon the places which are really vile and vicious in their tendencies in this community?

Bold Benjamin's Fast-Day.

THE fact is gradually becoming known throughout this country, that in the union of States there is one which bears the name of Massachusetts, and that this is so, is owing to the fact that Benjamin F. Butler is the Governor of that State. His conduct is always interesting to the American people, and no other Governor may expect to obtain one-tenth of the notoriety which is bound to attach to his administration. One of the most recent and alarming acts of this bold man, was the issuing of a Fast-Day proclamation which has shaken his beloved State to its center.

The staid and solemn blue-blooded families of that hitherto obscure State, were horror-stricken when they became aware that after many hard-fought political battles, Gen. Butler had gained the pinnacle of greatness the Governorship of Massachusetts. What must be the feelings of the same staid and solemn blue-blooded families when they read the remarkable production which must be recognized as their Governor's Fast-Day proclamation. It has been the custom for clerical gentleman in that State to discuss on fast-days the acts of various office-holders, and to prate of the future of the Republic. Imagine the heart-burnings of such gentlemen when they read in Gov. Butler's manifesto that on Fast-Day, they should "Feed their flocks with the Divine word, and not discourse upon political and secular topics which may divert the serious thoughts of the people from the humble worship of the Father."

A Sensible Move.

THE temperance folks have at length hit upon a good piece of work in this city, and THE JUDGE wishes them all the success which their movement deserves. They have tried all sorts of ways to stop or regulate the sale of liquor, and every trial has resulted in failure more or less complete, and to-day there are nearly ten thousand penitentiary feeders in the shape of grog-shops in New York. Now they propose to prune the upas tree they cannot root out, by reducing the number of saloons and raising the price of license so high that only the better class of dealers can afford to take out one.

Keep the cranks and fanatics out of your movement, friends, and there is little doubt but that some success will attend it. Gain one step before you try to clutch a dozen. Go slowly and sensibly, and you will earn the respect and gratitude of every respectable man and woman in the world; but if you allow cranks and dreamers to have their way, as they hitherto have done, your movement will prove as abortive as others have.

Does Colonel Bliss own the President?

THERE is a growing impression in this city, at least, that Colonel George Bliss owns President Arthur.

The well-known friendship existing between the President and THE JUDGE gives the latter the right to inquire into the doings of a political hyena who dares to insinuate that the President is his property. The general supposition that Colonel Bliss represents the President in the prosecution of the Star Route thieves, is very likely the correct one; but does Colonel Bliss really desire to bring about the conviction of Dorsey and Brady?

Does the President really desire that his old friends and companions shall be sentenced to terms of imprisonment?

The laughing-hyena Bliss is doubtless aware of the President's private feelings in this matter, and is bound to make the most of such information for his own ends and purposes. The salary of $100 a day, which he receives as an assistant to the Attorney-General in the Star Route trials, is by no means all that he intends to have.

We do not intend to convey the impression that Colonel Bliss has merely a pecuniary interest in attaching himself to the President. But we do not hesitate to say that he would own the President if he could. Successful schemer as he generally is, he may yet be driven out of Washington like a whipped cur.

President Arthur should know the danger of having such a man as Colonel Bliss as a private counsellor, and should dispense with his services at once. Let the public understand, Mr. President, that this blatant political demagogue is not your owner.

Astonished Legislators.

AUSTIN CORBIN, the owner of a large portion of Long Island, is a bold man, and evidently has little regard for the feelings of members of the New York Legislature.

Assemblyman Bulmer, of Queens County, some days ago introduced a bill entitled "An act to regulate the rate of fare on certain steam railroads doing business in this State." The only road to which it applied was the Long Island Railroad owned by Mr. Corbin. When the bill went before the Railroad Committee it was intimated by Mr. Corbin's lawyer that it was of that description known to politicians as a "strike," and that Mr. Corbin was the man to be struck for money. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter, and three exceedingly active members formed a subcommittee. They came to this city and examined Mr. Corbin. He replied that Alderman Gleason of Long Island City had "approached" Vice-President Maxwell, and had suggested the purchase of members of the Assembly. Mr. Corbin was examined at considerable length, and the proceedings were as merry as a marriage-bell, until he said that he never in his life paid a cent of money to influence legislation, and "*never will.*" This utterance naturally sped with the swiftness of lightning to Albany, and there the gloom among statesmen was general. Mr. Corbin is indeed a bold, unfeeling man.

Great Man Gorringe.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GORRINGE of the United States navy, who brought the Egyptian obelisk to this country, and placed it in the Central Park, evidently considers himself a man of great importance in this community. His association with Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, Mr. William H. Hurlburt, of the *World*, and a few choice spirits in the University Buildings, certainly unfitted him to be of service in the navy, and his resignation was recently very properly accepted. His letters to Secretary Chandler showed that he no longer considered it to be a part of his duty to treat the chief officer of the navy with that respect which a subordinate should exhibit, and he should have been dismissed from the service.

General Hazen's Anxiety.

THE weather bureau in Washington is in a bad way, and General Hazen, the chief of that department of the government, is as unhappy as though in the midst of one of those terrific storms which he at times serves up throughout the country. General Hazen has an exceedingly brilliant corps of United States soldiers under his command. Those in the front rank recently began to distinguish themselves as loblyists, and in a secret and mysterious manner have created a hurricane about themselves. General Hazen loudly shrieks for an official inquiry into the acts of himself and his subordinates; and it is to be hoped that these brewers of storms will be found more peacefully inclined hereafter.

CONGRESSMAN "RICHELIEU" ROBINSON, of Brooklyn, who has occupied much of his time during the past few years in twisting the tail of the British lion, now proposes to introduce in Congress a bill making St. Patrick's Day a national holiday. Mr. Robinson should remember the fate of Tom Fields, who several years ago introduced in the New York Legislature a bill of similar import.

ADVICE TO OUR LADY READERS:

When you gather your decorative herbs and flowers in the summer, be careful before ornamenting your rooms with them that you extract whatever eggs or cocoons there may be in them, or when the warm spring days come they may "hatch out," and you will possibly have (as we had) a delirious "biddy" on your hands for a month.

"Coming to York."

A PARTY of us were seated in' Charley's dispensary the other evening, when in strode a tall Vermonter, looking wan, cold, and sorry about something. What that trouble was we presently learned, as follows:

"Gentlemen, I'm allfired 'shamed, but I've got ter du it," was his first remark, addressing us.

"Got to do what?" somebody asked.

"Got ter beg, by thunder."

"Oh, that's your racket, eh?"

"Fact, by goshermighty."

"How long have you been on it?"

"Fust time in my life, true's preachin'."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Matter!" he exclaimed, and he thumped his head.

"Yes, you seem all broken up."

"Wal, by ther big horn spune, if yu'd been through what I have for ther past week yu'd be sorter luse in yer jints, too, I reckon. It beats all nater."

"What does?"

"What I've been through here in York."

"Where do you hail from?"

"Poultney, Vermont, by thunder, an' I wish I was back there now," said he, with sad earnestness.

"Tell us about it."

"Wal, yer see I'd read an' hearn tell so much 'bout New York that I was bound tu come here as quick as I was twenty-one, darned fule that I was! Wal, I saved an' saved until, week afore last, when I come of age, I had over a hundred dollars, clean cash. Ther ole folks didn't want me tu go, an' would have it that I'd du better a-stickin' tu the farm, but I couldn't see it, darnation fule that I was! So I packed up my bag, an' started for New York, clean sure that I could make my everlastin' fortin here in no time."

A half sympathethic smile went round, for everybody could see that the Vermonter was telling the truth, and we became interested.

"Wal, I reached here a week ago last Tuesday, an' of course never havin' been in a city before I felt a little turned round. I swan tu man I b'lieve everybody that seen me knowed I war a regular greeny. Fust thing, about a dozen boys wanted tu black my butes," said he, gazing down at a pair of No. 15 cowhides, "an' thinkin' as how that war the New York caper, I told tu on the torments tu go ahead, an' stood up on both ther boxes, while ther other chaps poked fun at me an' asked me all sorter questions 'bout hum. But ther boys got through at last, an' charged me twenty-five cents apiece for ther shine," said he, with clenched fist.

"Well, I should think that was cheap enough," suggested one of the party.

"Why, they only ask five cents for blackin' tu butes I found out arterwards."

"Have you tried it since?"

"No, rot blast it: fifty cents worth of shine will du me for the present. Wal, I started out tu find a tavern, an' bimeby a chap comes up tu me all glad lookin' an' poked out his hand tu shake, an' says he, 'Why, Mr. Sprague, how du yu du?' Then I told him I guessed he'd sorter made a mistake, an' he says, 'What, arn't you Fred Sprague, of Greene, Maine?' an' I said no; my name war Silas Smith, of Poultney, Varmont. Then he axed my pardin, an' said he'd a sworn my name war Fred Sprague, an' then walked off. Wal, bimeby another spruce-lookin' chap came up an' says, 'Hello, Silas Smith, what in thunder be yu duin' down here? How's all ther folks up in Poultney?' Wal, I couldn't just erzactly place him, but he said he war a second cousin of mine, of the same name, an' that he hadn't been in Poultney for three years. But he torked so kinder glib 'bout the folks up there that I war sure he knew me. He axed me inter a saloon ter drink fur ole times' sake, an' I took cider; but it wus all-fired strong. Then he axed me what I war goin' ter do down here, how much money I had, an' a few other things, an' I tole him all about myself. Then he said as how I orter have more money to start business in New York, an' that I orter du's he did. He said he played lottery, an' had just drawn a big prize, an' wanted me ter come with him, an' see him draw the cash. I went, like a durned fool, an' seen him draw a thousand dollars, clear money. Why, it nearly made me crazy! Then the chap as paid him the money said as how he orter give him a show for what he had lost, an' they did some durned thing or other with some envelopes, an' I'll be goldarned if my friend didn't win five hundred more. Then he told me tu try *my* luck—an' I did: but I lost every goldarned cent I had. Fact, by thunder! Wal, my friend said he had a big note tu pay down-town somewhere, but that he would meet me on the corner of City Hall and Fourteenth street in an hour, an' lend me a thousand tu start life with. Wal, I've never seen that cuss since," he added, savagely, for by this time he knew he had been buncoed.

"Well, that was strange."

"No, sir—I've been told as how it war a regular swindlin' game. But I went out of the place feelin' purty bad, I can tell you; but that wasn't the worst of it. The goldarned cider had whisky in it, an' I soon found myself drunk, an' sat down on a door-step tu sleep. I couldn't help it, durned if I could; an' while I war asleep somebody stole my bag an' bull's-eye watch, that dad gave me when I war twenty-one. Then a perliceman come along, bundled me inter a cart an' took me tu the lock-up. Fact, by thunder! Wal, the next mornin' the jedge fined me five dollars fur bein' drunk, an' as I had no money, I gave my overcoat to a chap who said he would pawn it, an' git me five dollars. Maybe he did, but I haven't seen either the coat or five dollars since," he added, ruefully.

"Well, that *was* sort of rough."

"Rough! I told ther jedge how it war, an' he told me tu go an' lookout for sharpers hereafter. An' now, gents, yu see why I'm obliged tu beg for bed and fodder. I hate it like pizen, but what's a fellow goin tu do? I can't starve, but yer can bet yu everlastin' butes that if ever I get back tu Poultney agin, yu won't catch me out on it very soon. I've had all I want of York. A man's got tu be smarter'n a steel trap tu live here."

"Guess you are about right, Mr. Smith," said one of the party, passing around his hat with a dollar starter for the poor fellow.

The contribution which followed made him solid for a day or two at all events.

But it is safe to say that he has been cured of his desire to come to York. G. G. S.

IT is hardly the polite thing to say to the friend who labors under a burden of nasal deformity that something or anything "is as plain as the nose on your face." Besides it is quite useless to remind him of that unhappy fact: he nose how it is himself.

YOUNG BILLY O'NEIL.

BY THOMAS MAHER, S.A.

Ah, young Billy O'Neil has come out of the East:
He went from McGlory's without aid of beast,
And save a good slung-shot, he weapons had none;
He went all unarmed, and he walked all alone—
So practiced at pool, so quick on the steal,
The boss of barkeepers was Billy O'Neil.

He stayed not for puddles, he stopped not at dirt;
He swam 'cross the Bowery, received not a hurt;
But ere he alighted at Lichenstein's gate
The bride had consented—the laggard came late—
For a laggard in love, with a sore on his heel,
Was to wed the fair Rosa of Billy O'Neil.

So boldly he entered the Lichenstein Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers and all,
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his "pop,"
(While the poor craven bridegroom did quick take a drop):
"Oh, come you py peace here, or come for a meal,
Or to spiel at the pridal, young Billy O'Neil?"

"I long wooed yez darter; me suit ye denied,
Bekase to the bar ye wur tould I wur tied.
And now am I come, widout thrembling or fear,
To be just once noine-pin, drink wan cup av beer!
There are girls on the Bow'ry to me that would kneel,
If could they catch for a husband, young Billy O'Neil."

The bride kissed the schooner, O'Neil took it up;
He quaffed off the glucose, threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could squeal;
"We'll knock the gawks dead!"—said young Billy O'Neil.

So gallus his form, and so killing her face,
That never a ball such a masher did grace;
While her mother had fits, and her father did stare,
And the bridegroom stood tearing his carroty hair,
And the bridesmaidens whispered, "'Twere better, we'd feel,
To have matched pretty Rose mit Pilly O'Neil."

One touch to her hand, and one word to her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the street-car came near,
So light to the platform the lady he swung;
So light to the fare-box before her he sprung!
"She is won!—we are gone!—it is light of the heel
Will they be if they nab us!" spake Billy O'Neil.

There was frenzy 'midst Cohens, of Baxter street nigh;
Levis, Jacobs, and Isaacs they wildly did cry;
There was racing and chasing on Avenue C,
But the lost birds of Lichenstein's ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, so quick on the steal—
Have you e'er heard of masher like young B. O'Neil?

Not a Musical Reporter.

We sent out one of our reporters the other night to write up a fashionable musicale, but the young man having imbibed somewhat on the road and dropped in at a friendly game of cards, was just a trifle off his base when he arrived at the musicale.

He braced up, however, and tackled the subject in his own peculiar style, and we are at liberty to say, did it justice, although we did not publish the report, and were obliged to discharge the young man, as it is a rule always adhered to by managing editors not to employ drunken reporters.

This was the gait which the ambitious youth struck. Miss Mollie Saturne got away without any preliminary scoring, and at the word "go" by the starter at the piano led off in a splendid style on Rubinstein's "The Dew it Shines." She started at a splendid 2:15 gait, but broke on the high notes, and before she could regain her feet was by the half post. On the three-quarter stretch she, however, settled down to business, and warbled beautiful, and came thundering down the home-stretch, the notes pouring out and welling up like the sweet cadence of a mountain rivulet, her ears laid back, her eyes dilated, and the audience wild with excitement. She came under the wire amid a rapturous ovation, and was led to her seat to await the next heat.

A double-team was next started in first-class style. The pair were aces, and they raked the pot. They whooped things up lively, and when the fifth inning opened, it was a dead open and shut to know whether the hen or her old man was the most popular in the pools. They were daisies, both of 'em, and they played their hands for all they were worth; and on the wind-up got in some telling blows, which set the audience into a most pleasant mood. However, musical critics said the pullet had the best of the bout, and so the reporter is willing to stand by the decision of such competent judges.

A feature of the evening was a four-hand game by the Misses Long and Short and Messrs. Thick and Thin. They wrestled Græco-Roman style with Ernani's "Cavatina," and although it looked on several occasions as if both shoulders must touch the floor, still the referee wouldn't allow the fall, and the jack-pot still kept swelling, as none of them had a hand to come in on it. The birds came up gamely to their work, and although it was a shake fight, still the Blue Pile and Dead Game stood up to their heavy tenor and basso antagonists and held their own in splendid style.

The second round was the prettiest fought of the evening, and all toed the scratch in true pugilistic style. On the third lap the basso pounded the tan-bark for all he was worth, but the light-footed soprano still led him, and when the tenor laid down four kings and raked the pot, the alto's three queens had to take a back seat, and the basso, who had coppered the ace, lost the heat amid wild excitement. In the fourth, when time was called, a grand spurt was inaugurated, and, although the ivory clawer at the judge's stand gave them so much rough water-music that they shipped two seas, the basso broke his row-lock, and the tenor carried away his flying jibboom as they were coming to the windward. The alto sighted the bull's eye, and made a score of forty-eight out of a possible fifty, and the curtain was rung down.

The gate-money amounted to $427, and goes to the Methodist Episcopal Society for the propagation of scandal among civilized communities. The pot exceeded the expectations of the dealer and stockholders. The basso and soprano save their entrance money. Pools sold 100 on the soprano against 30 for the field. Mutuals paid 13 for 5.—Whitelaw Reid's "What I Know About Reporters."

At an up-town club the other evening a gentleman just returned from Paris was giving his "impressions" of the French capital (*Les premieres impressions ne s'effacent jamais*), and among other things touched upon the epicurean theme of horse-flesh. "Dear me!" exclaimed a callow would-be swell standing by; "how nasty! they'll be eating donkeys next." "In that case," complacently replied the narrator, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "it is to be hoped that you will find no difficulty in keeping out of harm's way." [*Tableau!*]

"Yes," said Mrs. Newlycaughton, "even though Mrs. Vanderbilt had sent me passes to her ball I would not have excepted them. You know very well our family are ascended from the Tumors of England, and my brother hopes soon to be appointed Minister Penitentiary to Arabia. Therefore, as you will see, I can't mix at all with these shoddy *canal*, as the French say."

Some people, not especially noted for cruelty in other respects, have no scruples about using gold-beaters' skins. Will the Argus-eyed Bergh please turn one of his searching optics in their direction?

Old Swashabout never neglects any opportunity for advancing what is called decorative art. He approximates so nearly to the too-too ideal that he has the cloth drawn every day for dinner. Knowledge of this remarkable devotion to the truly beautiful in art and life will be balm to the sorrowing soul of Oscar Wilde.

Beware of mines with persuasive feminine names: they are always almost sure to go back on a fellow. Look at "Emma"; and then contemplate for a moment Gen. Robert C. Schenck! Look at "Isabella"; and if you have tears to shed, sling a drop or two into the general Methodistic deluge! What's the use of being an "elder Weller," if your advice remains unheeded? Touch not, buy not, handle not any mine named after a woman—no, not even if it were named "Lily Langtry."

The following little hint is dropped for the benefit of whom it may concern:—If you have an engagement with an editor, be punctual—at all events, in *leaving* his office.

A rural correspondent, who seems to regard The Judge as an agricultural paper (which it is, in fact, being a Judge at all trades and occupations), would like to know the best method of winnowing wheat. It gives us great pleasure to accord the desired information. And here it is: Get some wheat (honestly, if you can, but it *must* be had for the experiment.) Get somebody who knows how to winnow it. Let him do it. *Voila tout.*

POOR ALPHONSE.

"Dear me, what has my neighbor been chalking on his boots?" (Reads): "I am unhappy, and you are the cause—look on the other boot—pity me—Alphonse de Gum."

Before the Legislature.

SOME cunning tricks are often played,
Peculiar in their nature,
By members now "in durance vile"
Before the Legislature.

Whene'er a bill is drafted for
A passage, oh, then faith, your
Eyes may behold some "funny work"
Before the Legislature.

Said bill will cert. get "doctored," or
"Sat on" ere you can state your
Desired amendments of the same,
Before the Legislature.

All kinds of lobbyists abound,
Who servilely await your
"*Paid*" orders for their "influence"
Before the Legislature.

More "party quarrels" are avenged,
Undignified in nature,
Than honest laws enacted now
Before the Legislature.

The members, all, are worthy men,
They "seldom" use the "crature"
To give them "nerve" to brace the "storms"
Before the Legislature.

Gov. Cleveland has a level head,
Rash mems. to regulate your
Unique designs for "tink'ring" bills
Before the Legislature.

His vetoes and indorsements are
Intended to abate your
Ambitions hence in "crookedness"
Before the Leigislature.

—ADELE.

SNAPDRAGONS.

Pas de deux: Father of twins.

MANAGERS of flats: Bunco men.

Jeu d'esprit: A drunken Israelite.

REFORM: A synonym for to-morrow.

TOPER'S favorite study: Ginfizzyology.

UNSAVORY banquet: The Diet of Worms.

A CREWEL thing: The art of embroidery.

WHAT some sisters call brothers: Bothers.

TIMELY suggestion: Look out for "No. 1."

BILL of health: The doctor's memorandum.

EPITAPH on Cockle: His pilgrimage is ended.

PRECARIOUS undertaking: Essay-ing on man.

MOTTO for a married couple: Never dis-pair.

BRILLIANT idea: Diamond painting, so-called.

ONLY a scaly lot at best: The aquarium exhibit.

A LITTLE "brief" authority: The young lawyer.

B FLAT burglary: Breaking into the wrong tune.

TOPMOST height of assurance: New York Mutual.

SOME "Poets' Corner:" The corner sample-room.

UNCIVIL service: Serving a gentleman with a writ.

How to open a tune: With the key-note, of course.

ONE good turn: Turning the nose of impertinence.

SOMETHING that sticks closer than a brother: Pitch.

SKELETON declension: Bone-us, bones-ha! bone'em.

TURNING-point in life: See gray hairs and then dye.

CONGRESSIONAL motto: Never give up the Senatorship.

WHEN a man is out of date: When he's a weak back.

HIGH old gymnasts: The scales—when they kick the beam.

PRACTICING political economy: Voting a "split ticket."

MOONSHINER'S favorite melody: "Oft in the Still-y Night."

A REAL "Wonder of the Human Eye": Parson Talmage.

IS GABE CASE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS.

"Tom, they make such a time about that feller who eat three quails a day for a couple o' weeks or so. It seems ter me at the present moment as if I could git away with three such turkeys a day for a couple of years!"

(And with a sigh they pass on.)

FREE-HAND drawing: Taking the next man's pocket-book.

BUSS in *Urbe:* Kissing a city girl—your cousin, maybe.

ALWAYS in a very critical condition: The book reviewer.

GILDED vice: Gold-washing with the new five-cent pieces.

A SOVEREIGN remedy for impecuniosity: The pound sterling.

A NAP-PY man (both in name and fact): Prince Jerome.

INVETERATE dicer: The man who tosses in his bed all night.

BUSYBODY: Anybody running away from a pursuing bull-dog.

VERY hard lines: Trying to read diamond editions by gas-light.

HOPELESS task for the tailor: Trying to mend the break of day.

A WORD in the ear of the cross-eyed actor: Remember your cast.

WIFE-BEATER'S excuse: The treasure which we value most we *hide*.

A TURKISH Divan: The place where the Sultan lays his (political) pipe.

SILENT partner: A dumb wife. [Hence few wives are silent partners.]

GOOD substitute for sea-bathing in winter: Write *C*, and dash under it.

How to spend a week in New Jersey: Looking for an honest bank official.

HISTORICAL measure: One Lossing a day would make a Prescott a year.

FISHERMAN'S look: To fall overboard just at the moment of getting a bite.

ARITHMETICAL proposition: How many ounces are there in the village pound?

SIGN of bad breeding: Passing the counterfeit trade dollar without recognition.

How to make a jam tart: Insist upon crowding into an already over-crowded 'bus.

How a lady may always look young: By getting a fashionable artist to paint her portrait.

"BE Heavens," said Alderman Muldoon, the other night as he came in late and fell over the one-armed statue of Venus near the foot of the stairs; "Bidalia may call it *bric-a-brac*, but it seems to me that break a back wud be more comprehensive."

"THERE are times," languidly sighed a young and unlovely newspaper poet, "I most positively assure you that there are times at which, 'pon my honor, I am quite incapable of writing poetry." "Ah!" softly responded a thoughtful listener, "those, then, are the times at which you dispatch your verses, I suppose."

FORTUNATE authors: Those who make books for horse-races only. They are never "cut up" by the critics.

NEVER allude to Old Scratch before a Scotchman. He might take it in the light of a personal affront.

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

A COUPLE sat swinging on the gate,
In balmy June at the hour of eight;
A masculine form, near a feminine dress,
A hug; a kiss—and a fond caress.
Said he, "My love, my life, my joy,
My purest one without alloy,
Before a week to the past has sped,
My dearest darling—we will be wed."
Down the path,
A figure of wrath,
Armed with a lath,
The old man crept with fire in his eye.
"Whack! whack!" the lover did fly;
"Whack! whack!" the maiden did cry,
"Wed you will!" did the old man sigh,
As he lifted the swain almost sky-high.
"Oh, wait till the clouds roll by."

ED. TEN EYCK.

Polite to the Last.

WHATEVER is necessary to be done in Arizona they do deliberately and in order, and with an equanimity, withal, well calculated to win applause and admiration. At Tombstone, the other day, a "hangin' show" had been arranged, in which Sandy Ferguson, a notorious desperado, was engaged to play the leading part. During the morning Sheriff Hi Jones dropped around to the jail, and, after passing the compliments of the season with the condemned, casually added: "Look a-here, Sandy, if yer warnt to spruce up for th' 'casion, gess yew'd better be gittin' good-an'-reddy, 'cause the kingdum-cum 'press train 's goin' to start on time, twelve o'clock sharp."

"Thet's so, pard," carelessly remarked the indifferent voyager to the Great Unknown; "yes, thet's so—cum pretty nigh for'gettin' all about it, dern my skin if I didn't; glad ye mentioned it." Thereupon taking a bower from his favorite hymn-book, the absent-minded man scrawled on the back of it this legend:

Gon Outt—Wunt be back in 5 minutes.

"Thar, Sher'f, jest you tack this ere cromo onto the outside door, for callers, yer know, as mite happin to look in on bizzness. 'Taint so cussid much for a feller to do as aint got nothin' else to amooze him."

Bitter drops coursed their way down the bronzed and stubbled chin of the Sheriff as he took his departure, but they were not tear-drops—they were only drops of tobacco juice. "Perlite to the last," he murmured softly; "chaw me up, if he aint a reel genner-wine Chesterpatch."

A Man to Tie To.

HE was passing the City Hall, on the Michigan avenue side, at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, when he struck an icy spot.

Usual result.

The ice slipped under him towards Woodward Avenue, and he slipped ahead toward Griswold street.

It has been figured that only one man in 3,256,807 can save himself under such circumstances.

He clawed—he wobbled—he went down.

Hat to the right—cane to the left—legs all over—pavement unhurt.

Usual number of boys around—usual yells of delight, together with at least fifty sarcastic inquiries as to whether he intended to have his photograph taken then or wait till some dark night.

A few feet away a lone man stood leaning against a post. His ears began to work, his face grew red, and it was plain that he wanted to yell right out. But something restrained him. The victim arose, picked up his hat and cane, and with a benign expression on his face, walked up to the man at the post, and said:

"Mr. Brown, did you see me tumble?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you want to laugh?"

"N-no, sir."

"Yes, you do! Don't lie about it, for I've been right there myself! You want to laugh, and yet you know that I hold a mortgage on your house and lot and can foreclose. Now, then, I'll extend the time a full year, and you go ahead and laugh all you want to!"

"But, sir——."

"Shut up! Laugh, sir—laugh! Good-day!"

The citizen walked away with a limp, gazing straight before him, and the man at the post let go and laughed until a policeman came along and rubbed snow on the back of his neck.

That's the kind of people there are in Detroit. They don't slip up and claw around and take a drop without expecting to make the world brighter and better for some poor mortal.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Western Society News.

A CHEERFUL little item of social intelligence is telegraphed from East Tawas, Mich. We don't know where Tawas is, but wherever it may be, there is no disputing the fact that it is a right smart sort of a place. An eminent citizen named Mike Walsh attacked and chopped off the head of "Pete" Larsen with an axe. Mike was seized by his infuriated friends and hanged. The account goes on to state that sixty men were guarding the body of the defunct Mr. Mike to prevent its removal, and that a riot was imminent. We are somewhat at loss to know why the sixty exhibit so much anxiety concerning the removal of Mike's dead body. Is it possible they intend cooking and eating it? Who knows?

EDITOR to typo: "Here's an ad. in rhyme, just handed in for insertion." Typo, sighing: "Ah, yes, *ad*verses will come even to a poor printer, some time or other."

"WHAT, working at random again!" cried a college professor of a student who was scribbling in his diary, during class hours. "No, at memorandum," coolly replied the student, pocketing his diary.

DOCTOR, to a suspposed ex-patient, whom he met coughing, on a dark street: "What! is that you coughin' again?" The mistaken party addressed, being an undertaker, angrily responded: "Yes, it's me, sir, but I don't care to be addressed as 'coffin,' simply because my business chances to be that of an 'undertaker.' Mutual apologies ensue.

BONDSMEN must be very careful nowadays how they respond for their indicted friends. When the name of a man indicted for violating the Excise law was called, in one of the courts, yesterday, his bondsman answered for him, and the judge promptly sentenced the bondsman to twenty days' imprisonment in the City Prison. Luckily for the bondsman, the mistake was rectified a few hours later.

CHUNG LEE and Ah Fung evidently believe that when they are in Rome they should do as the Romans do. In the heart of the Sixth Ward, in this city, they fought with revolvers, knives, and bottles, and were arrested.

WHAT does this mean? The *Telegram* informs us that the Scandinavian societies are uniting.

"RANCH 10," written by Harry Meredith, and played by him, is one of the finest sensational dramas on the American stage, and deserves the wonderful success it is meeting with everywhere. To all intents and purposes, it is an ideal American drama, and is as clean cut as a cameo, and in it Mr. Meredith shows himself to be a great actor.

ALWAYS adapt yourself to the customs of the place and country you may happen to be in. If at Rome, do as the Romans do; if in Turkey, do as the turkeys do; if at Washington, steal everything you can lay your hands on.

TWO OF A KIND.

THE NEW "V" NICKEL.

Now the freshly-coined bright nickel,
Doth the counterfeiter tickle,
And he plateth some with gold right away;
Ah! 'tis then the honest granger
Finds his hoarded wealth in danger—
Who takes them for *five dollars* all the day,—
'Till their color proves so fickle,
And he sees he's in a pickle.
Then 'gainst this "shoving queer" he doth inveigh—
And forthwith becomes a ranger,
To hunt up that crooked stranger,
And "knock him out" in Sullivan's way!

—EDWARD KEARNEY.

The Three-Cent Piece.

BY E. E. TEN EYCK.

HE entered a dispensary of fluid refreshments, and hurriedly called for a little Monongahela nervine.

He was not a man one would take for a fighting character, for he seemed a well-to-do gentleman of about forty.

Yet his collar was half unbuttoned, his neck-tie was in a hangman's knot position beneath his left ear, and there were stains of blood upon his shirt front.

I chanced to be standing near to him, and I suppose that it was on account of my good looks that he addressed me.

"You don't know me?" said he.

I owned that I didn't.

"You're a newspaper man?"

Somewhat surprised, I pleaded guilty to the accusation, and I asked him how he knew it.

"Easy enough," said he, "light coat, grease-veneered in travel, unblacked shoes, patched pants, seventy-five cent hat, three-year-old kid gloves with skylights at each finger tip, ink on the side of your nose, and a paste diamond. Oh, I can spot you fellows out. What paper do you misrepresent?"

"THE JUDGE."

"Comic paper, ain't it?"

"Well, we try to make it so."

"All right; I've got a good article for you. It's comic—very comic; it's about a murder."

I started.

It did not seem to me that there could be much uproarious hilarity in a murder, and I told him so.

"But you don't know who I killed," replied he; "when I tell you you will beg to be allowed to clutch my article. The victim of my wrath has been the man who got up the three-cent piece."

"The nickel three-cent piece?" I asked.

"Yes."

I embraced him.

I asked for his name, so that I could start a popular subscription for him. Let the facts be known, and he would be the recipient of as much hero-worship as Frank James.

"Tell me all about it," requested I.

While scraping the gore stains from his shirt-plaze with a toothpick, he did inform me of the circumstances.

"I was riding across in a curtailed car," said he, "when a party came in and sat down next me. He was a party with a face about as full of intellect as an eight-day stove. And he had a giggle. If anything I do hate, it is a man with a giggle. He pulled out a lot of small change.

"To my surprise I noticed that it consisted of three-cent pieces.

"'Beg pardon,' said he, 'but will you give me thirty cents in other coin for ten three-cent pieces?'

"Would I?

"Decidedly to the contrary.

"'My dear sir,' uttered I, 'I wouldn't take a three-cent piece if you would pay me a dollar for it. I had a three-cent piece a week ago, and it lost me a handsome wife and a fortune.'

"'Tell me how?' giggled he.

"'I was keeping company with a Philadelphia widow, and you know how particular Philadelphia widows are. Well, we started for the theater, and we took a car like this. Now I will swear that I had over twelve dimes in my pocket, and that one three-cent piece. When I went up to pay the fare, I slipped in the box, as I supposed, a dime, and then I began to tell her about Garfield's assassination—seemed they had just heard of it in Philadelphia.'

"Suddenly the car stopped.

"The driver opened the front door.

"'Who put in that three-cent piece for ten?' asked he.

"I felt clammy shivers crawl down my back. Stealthily I examined the change in my pocket. The three-cent piece was gone. I had put it in the box by mistake.

"With a red face, I got up and slipped in a ten-cent coin. There was a gentleman of Milesian extraction sitting in the corner, and he winked at me.

"'Ye ought to have waited for the nixt car,' said he; 'the droiver has a cataract over his eye, and ye cud have worruked it off on him.'

"I made no reply, and I was just returning to my seat when the driver intruded his head in the car again.

"'Hey, mister!' said he.

"'Well?' I replied.

"'Yer put a three-cent piece in fust?'

"'Yes.'

"'Den a ten?'

"'I did.'

"'Dat makes thirteen cents. I don't wanter cheat yer outer three cents. Here's anudder three-cent piece. I'll git mine outer der box when I gets to der depot.' Of course I had to take it, while the passengers giggled and the Philadelphia widow looked askance at me. I seemed to be generally regarded as an unsuccessful swindler.

"We were at our destination, however, for we only had a few blocks to ride, and I was only too glad to get out of the vehicle.

"As luck would have it, there was a boy selling flowers upon the corner.

"A bunch of violets caught my fair companion's fancy.

"'Ain't they nice,' said she.

"Naturally, I said they were. You've been there yourself.

"'How much?' asked I.

"'Ten centa,' was his reply, for he was of Castilian origin.

"I produced, as I supposed, the required 'ten centa.' The violets were handed over and I passed on. But not far.

"Just as I was about entering the theater, I felt a clutching at my coat-tails.

"I turned.

"There was the violet-seller.

"'*Padrone*,' said he, 'you maka a mistake. You giva me threea centa stead of tenna.'

"Sure enough there was a three-cent piece in his hand.

"I muttered an apology and fished out a dime, but I could tell that the pressure of the Philadelphia widow's hand upon my arm, which till then had been comfortably warm, now became icily frigid; my stock had evidently fallen below par.

"Well, to make a sketch out of a serial that three-cent piece continued its diabolical career.

"By mistake I gave it to the ticket-seller at the theater—he shoved it back with a sneer, and the remark: 'Seven cents more, sir.'

"After the theater we went to supper.

"I make it a rule to never disgorge over ten cents to a waiter. That amount just about keeps them at their social level.

"So I slipped what I supposed was the hundred mills into the waiter's hand.

"He sized it up.

"Then with a supercilious air he gave it back.

"'Monsieur probably needs it more than I,' said he, 'it will carry him across the ferry.'

"It was the three-cent piece again.

"Here," continued my *vis-a-vis*, "the gentleman who had requested me to take his three-cent pieces seemed uneasy.

"'You must excuse me,' he remarked, 'but it was I who first suggested the idea of issuing a nickel three-cent piece to the United States Government.'

"'It was you!' gasped I.

"'Yes.'

"I arose.

"The loss of the Philadelphia widow still embittered me, for since that night when we visited the theater she has never spoken to me; indeed, she has circulated reports in society circles that I am a currency swindler.

"I grabbed him by the neck, and——"

"He's dead!" cried I.

"Yes."

With profound respect did I shake his hand.

"Thanks!" said he, "but I must flee."

"Why?"

"Am I not a murderer? will not the coroner's jury hold me?"

"Wait!" said I.

He did so.

* * * * * * *

[*Extract from New York Daily Paper, March*, 1883.]

"Mr. ——, who was accused of killing the instigator of the nickel three-cent piece, was to-day decided "Not guilty" by the coroner's jury. A handsomely engrossed set of resolutions, praising his conduct, was immediately afterwards presented to him by said jury. It is rumored, upon good authority, that mass meetings indorsing his deed will be immediately held in every city, town and village of the United States."

Simile Let Loose.

A CONTEMPORARY says:

"Oscar Wilde was a strange fish in the sea of Broadway. While swimming about admiring his own æsthetic costume, he was met while walking up by a banco 'steerer,' one 'Hungry Joe,' and lost no time in flying over to the Bowery, where he was relieved of several hundred dollars, etc."

Oscar a "fish" in the "sea" of Broadway, that by turns "swims," and "flies," and "walks"—a "strange fish," sure enough! This savors somewhat of the rat Sir Boyle Roache saw "floating in the air," and which he purposed "nipping in the bud."

A NEW YORK plumber has died of over-work. Probably he didn't employ any one as a collector of bills.

THE limit of interest on money in South Carolina has been raised by the Legislature from seven to ten per cent. What the South Carolinans want most now, is a legislative enactment for the proper limit for a game of poker.

THE Rev. W. H. Shermer of Philadelphia, says, "The fundamental idea of Christianity is one of faith in unseen realities." Same thing that faro is founded on.

A MAIDEN lady says she feels perfectly secure. She lives next door to a policeman and undertaker. Any one whom the policeman can't get away with the undertaker can lay out.

ONE of the fruit-canning establishments of San Jose has found it necessary to double its capacity. Suppose they did it by manufacturing (2) instead of one quart cans.

A FRIEND of ours says he knows he would make a success as a humorous writer, because everybody laughs at whatever he contributes to a paper.

THE American can-can—the tomato.

IF David Davis marries that North Carolina girl, she'll come to a realizing sense of the weight of the marriage contract.

AN exchange says: "A woman who washes for a living has $44,000 worth of lace laid away in her trunk." She ought to have been arrested long ago. But then people should know better than let their lace go to wash too carelessly.

"THESE walks were evidently cleaned to accommodate married people," remarked Brown. "Oh, no," said Jones, "they're too wide, they were intended for lovers. A married man would send his wife ahead to break the path for him."

STOPPING THE "PASSION P

THE TRIUMPH OF THE REL

ON PLAY" IN NEW YORK.

THE RELIGIOUS FANATICS.

How a Society Young Man Conceived an Aversion for "Balls."

"It is seven long years since we met, old friend,
When we used to be happy and gay,
And went to swell parties and such without end,
Where we'd dance the long evenings away.

"But you say you have changed, and now do not care
For the olden-time pleasures at all;
And it seems strange to me that aught should impair
The affection you had for the ball.

"I remember so well how you were the beau
Who the damsels so earnestly sought
As best waltzer of all in ball-rooms, you know;
You enjoyed it so much then, I thought.

"I cannot imagine where you can have been
That would change your whole nature like this.
So now, my old comrade, a tale you must spin,
And my fast-growing wonder dismiss."

"Yes, Jimmy, my boy, you have read a true bill;
I plead guilty to all you have said.
I once loved the ball, but have since had my fill,
And my feet seem as heavy as lead.

"You ask where I've been for the seven years past,
To acquire such a surfeit of balls.
So I'll tell you, old 'fel,' just why I'm aghast
At the subject which mem'ry recalls.

"You see, when I left I went out for a firm,
On the road to sell diamonds and 'sich.'
Well, I soon 'prigged' a few, for which a long term
In old Sing Sing they gave me the pitch.

"Now, to you 'twill be plain why balls are my bane,
When in prison shops shoes I did peg
For five weary years, and each day by a chain
A big ball was attached to my leg!"

—JOSEPH COBURN.

Almost a Serious Church Scandal.

ADOLPH DINGLEPAW is a barber.

Mrs. Dinglepaw is his wife, and tonsorial assistant.

They are blessed with numerous customers, and four—no, five children.

The fifth made its vociferous *debut* in the curtained-off, rear part of the tonsorial *salon* just six weeks prior to the veracious writing of this dolorous sketch.

The Dinglepaws were all delighted over the late infantile arrival.

But the Grunt family, who lived up-stairs over the barber-shop, were not.

"But everybody's got enough to do to mind their own business," as Mrs. Dinglepaw said to Mrs. Pokeabout, a friendly neighbor who had just dropped in to see how Punk was thriving, "and," continued the indignant Mrs. Dinglepaw, who had overheard Mrs. Grunt's objection to her rapid increase of infantile statistics, "I reckin I hain't a-goin' ter drown or strangle my children, jist because they don't happen ter suit Mrs. Grunt. Would you?"

"No, I'd die first!" ejaculated Mrs. Pokeabout, vigorously dancing the squalling baby up and down on her knee.

The baby was christened Punk, in honor of his godfather, viz, Squib Buster, who is a very nice man when he's sober, which is seldom, and who is a manufacturer on a small scale of fire-works.

It was Monday night.

No customers for "a shampoo," "a shave," or a "hair-cut" being due or anticipated, the barber and his family went out to return Mrs. Pokeabout's call.

Well, on Monday night, Mr. and Mrs. Grunt also went out—not to make a social call, but to attend a special prayer-meeting in the Methodist church, of which they were strict members.

To mind the house in their absence, they left their only child, a daughter, whose name is Blinky, aged ten years, five months, and three days.

A real nice, good little girl is Blinky, too. But she was born, and still continues to be, cross-eyed.

"But that ain't nuthin' agin the child, an' w'at she wunt git a *straight* squint of in this wurld, wunt niver bother hur in ther nixt," as the family butcher said.

Peace reigned temporarily in the Dinglepaw domicile.

Punk was sleeping in his cradle as sound as an unpunched trade dollar. Over his plump infantile face an occasional expression indicating a stomachic cramp, softly glided.

"Blinky! Blinky!" softly called Johnnie Dinglepaw up Grunts' back stairs.

"W'at yer want?" immediately replied Blinky, appearing at the top of the stairs holding a lamp, and trying to get her good eye on Johnnie.

"I want yer to cum down an' help me make 'lasses candy. Ma an' pa be gone out, an' Punk's fast asleep; cum right down an' we'll hev bully fun, Blinky, see'f we don't," whispered Johnnie.

"Oh," said Blinky, shivering, "I'm afeerd to, 'cause me fadur an' mudder might git back from pray'r meetin' afore we hed the candy med, an' cotch us, an' then I'd git skint alive. O—oh! I can't, Johnnie."

"Why, it's orful airly yit, an' day won't cotch us. Look-a-here, I'll give yer half o' ther candy I'll make if ye'll cum," he pleaded.

Her mouth beginning to water for the promised candy, she hastily put aside the lamp, and slid noiselessly down the stairs to join Johnnie in the surreptitious manufacture of 'lasses candy.

"Ther almanick ses yer must put butter in wit' ther 'lassis," said Blinky.

"Dere aint' enny butter in de pantry, but thare's a bully big can o' lard thare; will that do, Blinky?"

"W'y, a course," replied Blinky, with the air of a cooking-school graduate; "you p't the lard in ther pot fust, an' I'll pitch in the 'lassis after."

The pot was already on the red-hot stove; Johnnie emptied into it the can of lard, which immediately blazed up, causing Blinky, through fright, to drop the pitcher of molasses she held on the floor. The noise woke Punk up, and in company with the rest of the kids, he set to roaring vociferously. Johnnie hastily lugged the bawling Punk out of his cradle, and thrust him, all besmeared with molasses, into his father's big barber chair. Blinky tried to quench the burning lard with a bottle of bay rum which she snatched from the barber's toilet-shelf. Johnny used a whole box of his father's shaving powder on Punk's face. The powder-puff soon resembled an ivory-handled Bermuda onion.

Chaos reigned.

At this confused moment the Rev. Mr. Orthodox, a sleek, short-statured rector of high-church tenets, rushed in to get a quiet shampoo.

A quiet shampoo! Ye gods he might as well have then sought a cold shower bath in hades.

The barber-shop being filled with the smoke of the boiling lard, he heard but did not see the squalling Punk until he sat square down upon him in the barber chair; for which unintentional act both Johnnie and Blinky set to flinging hunks of molasses, lather brushes, and various other convenient missiles at the bewildered rector, who began walking up and down the shop floor, essaying to pacify Punk, whose little fat, powder, molasses, and tear-bedaubed face gave him the look of a diminutive Humpty Dumpty.

At this juncture, Mrs. Dimple, a fascinating young widow, who is a Sabbath-school teacher in a Baptist church, wishing to secure little Johnnie Dinglepaw as a member of her catechism class, stepped into the barber shop with the intent of asking his parents to send him to her on the following Sunday. Just as she entered the confused rector cried out, "Oh! madam, will you try and quiet this child? I cannot. I am bewildered at this unforeseen predicament—will explain matters satisfactorily to you now."

"Come here, you little darling," cooingly murmured the smiling widow, extending her arms towards the sobbing Punk, who was held by the rector.

While the widow was thus tenderly entreating Punk, the Grunts, accompanied by a few other devout members of their church, overheard her as they peeped in the glass door of the barber-shop, and they charitably concluded she ought to be good and ashamed of herself to be caught making love to a high-church rector in that style, in a public barber shop, too.

"You wouldn't catch a Methodist minister allowing such liberties taken with him," proudly ejaculated Mrs. Grunt, in which religiously-partisan sentiment she was joined by her friends.

A veracious reporter, who was not then employed in writing up articles on the present investigations of prison abuses, appeared on the scene, and after interviewing the Grunts and company, respecting the barber-shop scene, at once prepared a memorandum of the facts for a sensational newspaper article, which article, however, never appeared in print, as the return of the barber and wife elicited a prompt explanation of the whole disturbance.

Johnnie Dinglepaw blamed Blinky Grunt for everything; and Blinky in turn said it was all Johnnie's fault.

Johnnie and Blinky don't speak any more, or try almanac recipes for making 'lasses candy.

The senior Dinglepaws and Grunts are also at irreconcilable loggerheads.

The high-church rector has learned how to barberize himself.

Widow Dimple is married to a church organist.

Punk is thriving. —ADELE.

His Father's Father.

SUMMERBREEZE's eldest boy gives him a great deal of trouble by staying out late nights. The other day the old man said to him.

"Young man, when I was your age, my father wouldn't allow me to stay out nights till such unreasonable hours; why sir, I had to be in bed at nine o'clock, and it wouldn't be a bad example for you to follow."

"You must have had a pretty kind of an old fossil for a dad," replied his brass-mounted scion.

"Fossil, fossil!" yelled the old gentleman. "Perhaps I did, perhaps he was an old fossil," replied his father, losing his temper, "but I'll tell you one thing young man, that my father was just as good a man as yours, sir. Fossil, you young heathen, my father was a man, he was a darned sight better than yours, sir."

"The beer's on you, old man," remarked his hopeful, as he slid out of the door. "SOJER" FLYNN.

A BAPTIST minister, recently returned from Leadville, expresses the opinion that it is a very wicked place, to which Sunday never reaches. He also calls it a "den of vice." The trouble with him seems to be that he went there from the East. Rapid Western civilization demands Western-bred preachers. Only a few years ago an Eastern traveler was looking at a funeral procession in Leadville, and remarked to the local clergyman with whom he was talking that the deceased must have been an important citizen, as the procession was so long. "Do you call that a big show?" exclaimed the divine. "Just you wait here till we plant one of our big men, and we'll show you a funeral!" There was a clergyman with the true Leadville spirit.—*New York Tribune*

BILLY MCGLORY, on hearing of the proposed weeding out of the dives and grog-shops, said: "Well, that's a good idea. I've always thought there were too many low resorts, where jig-water is sold, in New York. Let 'em weed; it won't affect me'n Ed Stokes, an' the Brunswick."

SOMETHING for the American people to be very thankful for—There is to be no extra session of Congress.

ROBESON will carry away enough unpicked bones from Washington to enable him to grub along the remainder of his life.

IF some New York Ben Butler could "bottle up" Ex-Senator Ecclesine, he would do good work. Because Mayor Edson failed to preside at the Cooper Institute Irish meeting the ex-Senator talked like an exceedingly angry pirate in his references to him.

TWENTY thousand working girls in Boston earn $4 per week and pay $3.50 of it for board; so says Colonel Wright, the statistician. Probably the rest of their salary is expended to the last cent in extravagant dress and seal-skin sacques.

ANOTHER comet discovered. It looks as though they came this way on purpose to get named and talked about. We suspect they are of the feminine gender, and delight in having telescopes and opera glasses pointed at them.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

ROMAN GLADIATOR.—*"Say, Miss Gushing, have you any kind of stuffing you can lend me? That confounded costumer has forgotten to send my muscles, and I can't go on as the king of the arena like this, you know."*

Your Hoodoo.

A WRITER says every person has his individual hoodoo, and that success in life is only attainable by discovering and avoiding the hoodoo. This fact has been virtually admitted, though in a blind, dumb way, by all peoples and all classes since the existence of the world. Whether it presents itself in the fetish of the savages, the incantation of the gypsy, or the restless promptings of fatality that impel the Caucasian gambler to destroy the precise pack of cards with which his losses have been made, the primary cause remains the same, and at the bottom lies that most withdrawn of nature's secrets—the hoodoo.

Having, therefore, admitted that we are all more or less under the influence of this mysterious power, let us take a slight glance about us to discover if possible what it is. Some men marry a hoodoo, or have one brought into the family by the fact that the unfortunate man has married the whole business when he took his blushing bridelet to his bosom. To tell an admiring swain before marriage that his best girl or her mother is a hoodoo, would raise a hullabaloo, and this goes to prove the hoodoo theory at the very outset. Let him be married a year or more and he will admit the hoodoo himself, and this is the second and final instance, and completely establishes the hoodoo theory.

The cleverest paper ever written by Gail Hamilton was devoted to the "Total Depravity of Inanimate Things," in which she particularly instances the intelligent malice and forethought with which a dropped article of small size, a collar-button, say, instantly rolls into the most secret and inaccessible nook in the whole floor. In said article she was unconsciously formulating a phase of the hoodoo. Then, to continue the investigation, see how a key-hole will hoodoo a fellow at those particular times when he always says "his how do." Then again, note how a three-cent piece will hoodoo onto a contribution plate, the proceeds being intended for the poor Hindoo.

Talk about the depravity of inanimate things and the hoodoo as instances thereby, and cast your perceptions on the missing shirt-button, the ragged stiff-starched neck-band of the shirt which always happens to be the last in the drawer, when a fellow wears it to go to a swell reception: the pocket-book which always happens to be in the clothes you changed when you go on an excursion with your darling, the old office coat you have on, and the big chew of tobacco in your mouth, when the millionaire heiress, whom you have mashed, calls at your office to ask you to take a drive in the park: the mug of Tom and Jerry you are getting outside as your employer drops in to "get a cigar;" the thousand and one instances in which the hoodoo gets the drop on you and hoodoos the life half out of a man. If hoodoos are not realities in all horrible realness, then a man who has been there doesn't know what he's writing about.

—FRED. GEBHARD.

STEADY employment for United States officials of a lower grade—Light house keeping.

A MEMBER of the interesting Slayback family of St. Louis having accused Gov. Butler of stealing a span of horses, a coffin laden with spoons, several hat-racks, etc., while Benjamin was in command at New Orleans, the following stunning reply has been elicited:

"BOSTON, Feb. 20, 1883.

"DEAR SIR: It is not a copper's consequence to anybody what such a fellow as Slayback may say. If anybody would believe that I would put spoons in a coffin he would believe the rest of the story. Unless the coffin was of glass, or left open, how could he see that the spoons were in it? It is enough to say that I had the carriage horses and carriage used by me when in New Orleans from a stable-keeper there. The only two horses I brought away were those I took to New Orleans from Massachusetts, and they came in a vessel from thence to New York. Yours truly,

"BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

"WELL, Tommy, how are your father and mother getting on this morning?" asked a minister of a smart little school-boy, whom he met on the street the other day. "I'd know, haven't seen 'em since mornin'." "Well, how were they then?" "Wal," said he, laughing, "when I skipped out I kinder thought that ma had the best of it. She had pop on the floor, an' was just reaching for the poker. I'd know how it ended, but I'll tell yer to-morrow." That preacher retired thoughtfully, while Tommy cut on behind a cart.

A METHODIST minister whose salary was paid him in part in mutilated coin, refused it and electrified the deacons by remarking that even the gin mills wouldn't take the holy currency.

JACK CARSON, THE NEVADA MINER,

Tells About "Button Ben."

THAR wuz nine of us boys 'sides Button Ben—
Nine growin' lads—an' he made ten.
I wuz oldest, then Bob an' Dick,
Red-headed Sam'el, and knock-kneed Nick;
Joe an' Billy, and Oliver tew,
With han'some Lewis, fur short called Lew.

Ten human, hungry boys, an' dad,
But a laborin' man. "It wuz tew bad"—
The nabobs sed—"eight shillin' a day
Ter feed twelve mouths iz awful pay"—
But mother managed an' dad kep mum,
Tho' many a time he looked terribly glum.

Ben wuz the baby an' pet of all,
With head "az round az a button-ball"—
So dad remarked when fust he saw
The dear little feller suck hiz paw;
Fur Benny wuz born with an appytite,
An' howled fur grub both day an' night.

Mother wuz frail, an' tho' Benny grew
Like all the rest, 'fur long we knew
No other baby would take hiz place—
An' full of sadness wuz father's face—
Fur hiz beacon of faith wuz in mother's eye,
An' he hoped 'gainst hope az the end came nigh.

Button Ben wuz scarce six months old
When mother wuz gathered to Heaven's fold;
Then granny gossips, so overwize,
Sed, "Carson will soon furget the prize
He's lost by death, an' marry agen—
Else who'll take care of little Ben?"

But dad wuz trew ter hiz spring-time luv,
An' broken-hearted tried to pruve
He wuz brave in grief, an' the harder toiled
When troubles thick around him coiled;
An' every night, when he sought hiz rest,
His wearied arms made Benny's nest.

'Twuz long ago, yet ter-day a voice,
I'd not heerd fur years, made my soul rejoice.
An' it sed: "Why, Jack, ole brother dear,
How glad I am ter find *you* here!"
Button Ben had got hum from sea,
An' a nobler lad could never be.

It's a sorrerful yarn iz our fam'ly tale,
But grief is common, an' woes prevail.
Dad took sick with a rackin' cold,
An' soon wuz laid 'neath sodded mold—
Then Sam'el died, an' Noll an' Joe;
An' blue-eyed Dick wuz last ter go.

The rest are scattered here and thar;
Han'some Lew they call him Mayor
Of a Western town of mushroom growth,
An' knock-kneed Nick wears sacred cloth.
Bill goes halves with me; while Bob
In fur off China haz a job.

An ocean rover took Button Ben
With dad's consent an' blessin', when
He wuz called ter jine hiz treasured wun
In the land whar death iz never known.
So the lad's big grief wuz lost in life
On the waves, with teemin' interest rife.

We hadn't met since he went away
On hiz second voyage to Rio bay,
Twelve years ago, an' now he came
Ter Bill an' me, but just the same,
Tho' tall an' bronzed, az that baby chap
Our mother laid in poor dad's lap.

An' this brother brave iz a captain trew
Of as trim a ship az ever flew
When the trade-winds spread the canvas wide
An' Neptune pulled with the crested tide.
Billy iz right: "Of all self-made men,
Not wun kin discount Button Ben!"

—HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

WE learn that Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis has just received a message of much moment from the Spirit World, namely, that a great disturbance has been occasioned throughout the Realm of Shade by the resignation of Charon, Admiral of the Hadian fleet. This startling intelligence was notified to Mr. Davis by the spirit of John Paul Jones, who rapped out the following sentence, brief but full of meaning: C-h-a-r-o-n h-a-s c-u-t h-i-s S-t-y-x. It was not stated whether a successor had been appointed.

ADIPOSE men are generally very sensitive on bulky subjects. In drinking the health of an obese acquaintance never employ any such sentiment as, "May your shadow never grow less"—and especially avoid the slightest allusion to old Sir John. Should it so happen that mention of any sort be required, quote Cæsar's "Let me have men about me who are fat." Upon the whole, however, the gold of silence is far preferable to the silver of speech.

"LIFTED Out of Herself," is the odd title of a late new novel. We have heard of the man who attempted to lift himself over the fence by his boot-straps; but lifting one's self out of one's self would seem a trifle more difficult. It is possible that the mystery of the title may be explained by the contents of the work.

BOSTON has a pugilistic club. Sacred Boston, we weep for thee!

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN, of Boston, is now anxious to engage in a foot-race. May we hope that he, with the rest of his tribe, will start due east and never turn back.

JUSTICE ALFRED STECKLER, in contributing $250 towards aiding the poor families whose children were killed in the Fourth street school disaster, performed a most commendable act. Justice Steckler is a young man, but he can give older men points in genuine philanthrophy.

THE latest good man gone wrong (according to the daily newspapers) is Gilbert L. Crowell, who has just devastated a large estate, and who is not to be prosecuted.

WILL Mayor Edson now order the police to attack the Salvation Army? Judging from what we read in the daily newspapers concerning these bands of rascals, he should make haste to issue such an order.

As an example of grammar, the following notice posted in the Twenty-third street line of stages certainly clutches the championship: "Passengers are requested not to get in or out until the stage comes to a full stop. The proprietors will not be responsible for any accidents occurring *through their* carelessness." Good for the proprietors! That saves them.

Enough to Break His Heart.

A CONDUCTOR with a narrow chest, red hands, and sleepy eyes lolled against the rail of a Third avenue car yesterday afternoon and whistled carelessly. Presently an aged woman within the car began to wave a green cotton umbrella wildly at the conductor. Then she nodded her head violently and looked over her shoulder toward Fourteenth street, which the car was approaching on its way down-town. The conductor looked at her with languid interest, and still whistled. Meanwhile the car rattled rapidly by Fourteenth street. Then the woman began to utter inarticulate sounds, and looked beseechingly at the conductor with distended eyes, raised eyebrows, and half-opened mouth. The conductor still whistled. He looked at the woman, but he wore the far-away expression of a man sunk in psychologic thought, and seemed not to be aware of her growing frenzy. Thus things remained until the car arrived at Twelfth street, when the woman bounded from her seat, and started for the door. After trying to harpoon three estimable citizens with her umbrella, treading on all of the more sympathetic corns on the way, dropping her reticule, and lunging violently she arrived at the door, and cried:

"Why don't you stop the car?"

The conductor ceased whistling, and gradually became aware of her presence as the car passed Eleventh street.

"Do you wish to get out, madam?" he asked, with a glassy smile.

"Wish to get out, you stupid man?" gasped the old lady. "Why, of course I do. I wanted to get out at Fourteenth street."

"Ah," said the conductor, blandly. "If you had only said so I'd stopped the car."

"Well, stupid, why don't you stop it now?"

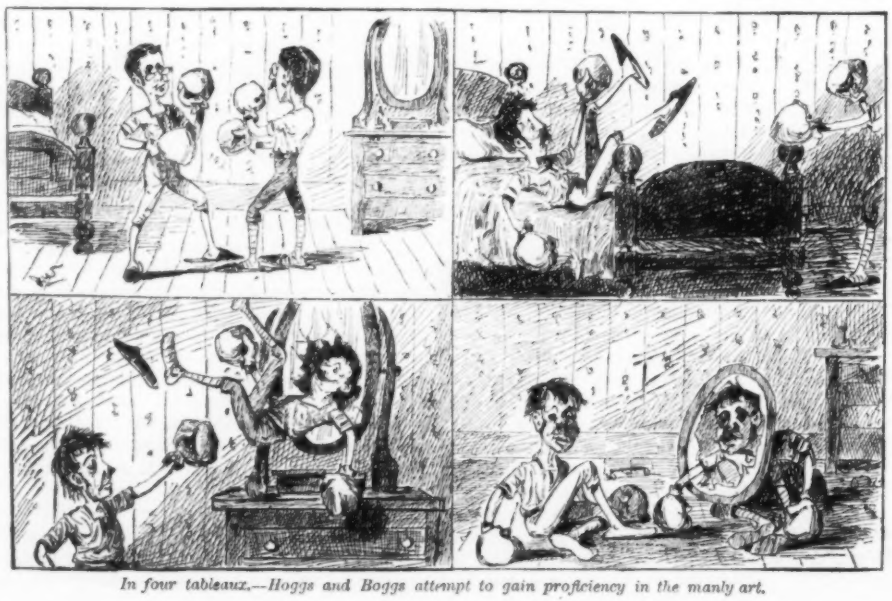
"Now? Why, certainly," and he slowly raised his hand and pulled the bell strap. The old lady muttered and spluttered and stepped to the edge of the platform, but the driver had decided not to stop until he reached the down-town side of Tenth street. The conductor took hold of the woman's arm to restrain her from jumping off while the car was moving.

"Take your hand off me, sir," she cried hotly. "It's bad enough to be insulted without being handled."

She jumped off nervously and turned an indignant glance at the conductor as she dodged a grocery wagon and struggled toward the sidewalk. The conductor gazed after her with some interest, and then said:

"It's amazin' what ugly an' tantilizin' people a conductor has to deal with. It's enough to break a man's heart."—BLAKELY HALL, in the *New York Sun*.

How quickly a social jewel loses its luster. Mrs. Langtry returned to town this week without a single whoop or interview. Even Freddy failed to create a ripple.



In four tableaux.—Hoggs and Boggs attempt to gain proficiency in the manly art.

SALVINI and Marie Prescott are with us once again, and this is said to be the great tragedian's farewell engagement. As usual he opened with "Othello," and we have had the swarthy Moor several times since. Of course it is a great play, and a grand performance, but THE JUDGE has seen it enough. Our blood curdles, and our hair is made to stand on end at the horrors that are daily thrust upon us, so that we don't really enjoy a nightmare in the evening. None of Salvini's plays are absolutely cheerful, but they all lack the repulsiveness and brutality that characterize his "Othello." The dignity and grandeur of his "King Lear" command universal admiration, and pitiful and dismal as it all is, the misery at least is human. His last performance will be at the Saturday matinee, and "King Lear" will be the play. Next week he and Clara Morris will electrify the Philadelphians.

Marie Prescott is to produce Oscar Wilde's play, "Vera," and, worst of all, Oscar is coming back to superintend the rehearsals. We believe one of the peculiarities of the play is, that there is but one female character in it. This will doubtless be an advantage. The fewer the characters and the shorter the performance the less we shall have to endure.

Anson Pond's play, "Her Atonement," has been put on the road. What atonement Mr. Pond intends to make for producing such a play, we should be pleased to learn. It is one of the worst of its kind and the kind is very bad. Let us hope the "road" will like it, and enjoy Mr. Shewell's attempt to make something out of a ridiculous part, and Miss Rigl's hysterics.

Bartley Campbell's "Siberia" opened to a good house at Haverly's Monday night, Miss Cayvan being particularly pleasing. Of the play THE JUDGE will have more to say later on.

The managerial war is over, and "Micaela" or "Heart and Hand" is playing at both the Bijou and Standard. Mr. Duff says the reason he instituted proceedings against the Bijou management was "because he believed the opera would not receive fair treatment at the hands of Mr. McCaull." He is so anxious that it should be well produced that he has engaged Miss Jarbeau to fill one of the principal parts. This thoughtfulness is truly touching. What could be sweeter than Miss Jarbeau and Mr. McCreery lifting up their voices together in song? Miss Conroe has a good soprano voice, but she was suffering so from illness on the opening night, that to criticise would be unfair.

The ballet at the Standard is very good, and Mr. Ryley far superior to his rival at the Bijou. Next week Mr. McCaull will bring out Mr. Gunter's latest, "The Dime Novel." Louise Paullin, who plays the King in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," will create the heroine.

The "Boston Ideals" are still at the Fifth Avenue, and are drawing large houses. The singers are all excellent, and "The Pirates" was never better given than by this troupe. Whitney is a host in himself, and Karl and Frothingham are excellent. Lizzie Burton is charming to behold, and Marie Stone sings much better than any soprano that has sung Gilbert and Sullivan's music heretofore. This is the last week, and the advice of THE JUDGE is to enjoy them while you can.

At Daly's "7-20-8, or Casting the Boomerang," is doing fairly; at all events, this Boomerang has come nearer hitting the mark than any of the plays that have preceded it. Play-goers, hastily noticing the figures 7-20-8 the first night, thought the performance was to commence at that hour, and the house was half filled at quarter-past seven.

"Monte Cristo," at Booth's, brings back to our minds tender recollections. First of all, Fechter, whose Edmund Dantes was a thing to be remembered. In romantic drama he was not to be surpassed, and to compare him with any one who has since essayed his parts is absurd. O'Neil is not suited to the part, and will never make it impressive. Mr. Henry Lee does some really good work, and Miss Rogers is stiff and conventional. The sets are not all new—and they, too, remind us of scenes that ought to have long since passed away. However, the play may be called a success.

At the Union Square, "A Parisian Romance" continues doing a large business. De Belleville was out of the cast for a few nights, but he wasn't much missed. By the way, isn't he a little out of his line of business in this play? As a cold, calculating villain he has often appeared to good advantage, but as De Targy, and before this, as one of the "Rantzaus," he seems entirely out of his element. Alas! who is there to fill poor Charley Thorne's place?

"Old Shipmates," at the Cosmopolitan, is doing moderately well. Both Mordaunt and De Belleville have attained considerable newspaper notoriety of late, but we should not think it would improve the business.

"Mother Goose and her Golden Egg" proves exceedingly amusing to the patrons of the 'Frisco's; and Thatcher, Primrose and West's Mammoth Minstrels find willing listeners at Niblo's.

Frank Mayo, in "The Streets of New York," is at the Grand Opera House, and Denman Thompson and Mlle. Rhea are in Brooklyn. Joe Emmet is in Williamsburg. Frau Gallmeyer is back at the Thalia, and the perennial Lester, in "Rosedale," is playing at the Windsor.

D'Oyley Carte, Patti, and Langtry are all in New York, and reporters are busy and interviews too numerous to mention.

IT has been decided at last that the man with a knife and an apple always has the right of a peel.

OUR piscatorial contemporary, the *Angler*, announces that it will give "a cut of some representative American fish every week." Thanks. Ours is boiled salmon.

BROKEN-HEARTED "PROFESSIONAL."

"Hif they're a-goin' to keep h'order an' make a feller work up at Sing-Sing, wot's the use of a chap's goin' there, I'd like ter know."

"OLD SPIN," as General and Assemblyman Francis B. Spinola is familiarly known, in addressing a mass meeting of his constituents the other evening, endeavored to satisfy them that he is an honest man. Has it come to this that a man of General Spinola's standing in the community should find it necessary to boast that he is honest? What does John Kelly think of it?

WHY don't the Plunger plunge into the dirt-heaps in the streets of New York? There are chances for deep dives in many places.

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

T. A. H.—No.

H. O. T.—Yes.

T. C.—Declined.

F. E.—Accepted.

PAUL PASTUOR.—Don't stop.

K. F.—Let us hear from you.

DE MONPER.—Send us your address.

A. W. (Hartford).—All right; always acceptable.

GROVER CLEVELAND.—Glad you think we were right.

J. E. F.—Slang is seldom funny, and should be avoided.

F. B. S.—Your poem, "John Kelly's a Daisy," will not do.

O. W. (England).—Will print your poems at the usual advertising rates.

S. S.—Your drawing, "A Fourteenth Street Masher," might make trouble.

H. S. K.—We regret that you must weep again. Let us hear from you once more.

ESTELLE.—As Hamilton Ward, Jr., was not the captain of an Albany night boat, we must decline your article. Don't distort facts.

Castoria.

It is a fact there is no "maybe,"
Mother's milk can't save the baby,
While **Castoria** digests their food,
Cures all their pains and makes them good.
Castoria hail! from East to West,
For children thrive and mothers rest.

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Those who have used it say that **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar** is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid. It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach, and has an extremely agreeable flavor.

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NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1880.
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Yours respectfully, &c., DAVID W. COUCH,
Pastor Eggleston Square Church, Boston, Mass.
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Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

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MARY ANDERSON was fined $1 and costs for drunkenness in the Boston police court Thursday. Charley Ross was sent to jail in Petersburg, Va., last Friday, for stealing old junk. Alfred Tennyson is in jail in Baltimore. He is charged with assault and battery. George Washington has just been sent to jail in Washington for assaulting John Sullivan. John Quincy Adams was shot in the left shoulder at Deadwood on the 4th inst. He is doing well. Benjamin Franklin Butler was arrested in East St. Louis last week, on a charge of stealing an overcoat. George Washington Fremont, colored, has just been admitted to the bar of Prince William county, Va. George Washington grabbed a lap robe from the carriage of Dr. Rickerts, in Baltimore, and is now in jail. George is a colored man. Don Cameron, of St. Louis, Gratiot county, Michigan, has caused the arrest of N. A. Richards, teacher, for punishing a school-boy. Mary Washington and her daughter, Martha Washington, colored, were arrested in Savannah recently for obtaining a sewing machine on false pretenses.—*New Haven Register.*

A SHORT time ago, at a school in the North of England, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question: "Can any boy name to me an animal of the order indentata; that is, a front-tooth toothless animal?" A boy, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied: "I can." "Well, what is the animal?" "My grandmother!" replied the boy, in great glee.—*Austin Daily Dispatch.*

SOMEBODY stole the big toe of the statue of Washington in the Capitol at Washington not long ago, and Flannery, the sculptor, had to make another toe for the Father of his Country. The moral condition of a person who would steal a marble big toe from a statue must be wretchedly bad.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THERE is an evident necessity for a city ordinance which shall provide that not more than ten boys shall ride behind one donkey, the height of the donkey being not to exceed two feet and a half; and that not more than four large boys shall be drawn by a dog whose diameter is four inches and height ten. The ordinary dog in this city is required to trot along at a lively pace, drawing a large boy and sled behind him, keep up a successful running fight with four dogs, any one of whom is twice as large as he is, who attack him on the four points of the compass, and prevent from going to decay any number of old dry and half-dissolved bones which are thrown into the garden as no longer fruitful even of soup.—*Steele County Herald.*

The druggist who hesitates now is lost for the winter. He should sling together some sweet oil and liquorice and bring out his cough cure at once. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup does not pay him enough profit.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haution* (a patient):—"*As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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A SPRUCE and conceited young Mr.
Fell in love with another chap's sr,
With his sweet little cane,
At the end of the lane,
He met and he fain would have kr.
But he trod on her train,
At the end of the lane,
And a slap on his face made a bl'r.
—*Cleveland Herald.*

A NEWLY-MARRIED couple from "Wayback" were in the city yesterday, and of course found an oyster saloon the first thing. "How do you want them—on the half-shell?" the waiter asked the groom. "Nah-sir-ee! thar's no half-shell business with this weddin'-trip; give 'em to us on the whole shell."—*Post-Express, Rochester.*

SOME great thinker once said: "Don't commence to write an article for publication until you are full of your subject." Unless our cold takes a tumble to itself within a week or so we propose to write an editorial on "Rum and Molasses," and before commencing it we'll prepare ourself, too.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"No," exclaimed Mr. Penhecker; "no, madam, I object most decidedly. Once and for all I say it—the girls shall not be taught foreign languages." "And why not, pray?" said Mrs. P. with withering sarcasm. "Because," said Mr. P. with more withering sarcasm, "because, Mrs. P., one tongue is enough for any woman!"—*San Antonio Evening Light.*

A GENTLEMAN makes a call at a house of singular magnificence. He asks: "Is Mrs. X—— at home?" "Not at home." "Mrs. Y——?" "She's just been after having a baby," the servant gravely answers.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

HERE is a recent specimen of amenities in the Greek Legislature: M. Dimitracakis—You lie! [Tumult.] M. Mandalos—I repeat it. M. Dimitracakis—Then you are a liar! M. Mandalos—And you're another! For this speech M. Mandalos gets his ears boxed, while several Deputies attack him with sticks, upon which the sitting is suspended amid cries and vociferations. —*Frank Fife's Sunbeams.*

MRS. LANGTRY'S husband ought to have written so good a thing, if he didn't, as he is reported to have written to his agent in Ireland, who was afraid of shooting if he tried to collect rent for him. He wrote: "You may say to my tenants that any threats to shoot *you* will never intimidate *me*." Langtry has reason to be proud of the one she left behind her at home.—*Boston Evening Star.*

COLONEL BUMGARDNER got up yesterday morning worse mixed than were the drinks he had taken the night before. When he was ready to start on his usual cocktail expedition, he cried: "Marier, where's my hat?" "I don't know, dear, unless Johnnie has it." "Well, and what the dangnation is he doing with it?" "I don't know—but he said he wanted a brick to sharpen the knives on, and I told him to look in your hat—you said you had one there." The colonel wore his last summer straw hat down-town.—*Georgia Major.*

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Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and ravages checked.

Coughs, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, etc., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

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Height in back, 1 3-4 inches.

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